

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1913.

NUMBER 13



Photo by J. H. Stockton.

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PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

FAIRY TALES.

The Two Guests.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

THE night is cold. Moon shadows rest
Upon the soft-heaped snow.
He cannot enter yet, our guest;
He waits for one to go.
He brings us gifts, he brings us grace,
He brings us hope and cheer;
But, empty-handed in his place,
Still waits the sad old year.
Then let us speed the parting guest,
Ere midnight's chimes begin.
He's old, but once he gave his best;
We gladly led him in.
He gave us strength for daily need;
He set our standard high;
He gave us "Progress" for our creed.
Nineteen-Thirteen, good bye!
The shadows lift. Before the dawn
The stars are growing dim.
Our guest with trailing scythe is gone;
Wrongs, vanquished, go with him.
Another standeth in his place,
Young-eyed, with brow serene.
May he prove best of all his race!
Come in, Nineteen-Fourteen.

*The world was bleak and empty and cold
And wretched and hopeless and very old;
God gave me a thought—a new world grew—
The thought re-created the world anew.*

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Miss Martha's Boy.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

I.

"NOW, Tom, you eat your breakfast quick, and run right over to Miss Martha's. The doctor told me for sure that she wanted to hire a boy to help her in the garden, and dear knows you can do that. And Mrs. Hoffman said the other day there was talk she wanted to adopt a child. It would be a mercy if she should pick on you. It's been dreadful hard on me to have to provide for you along with the family I've got. But I suppose there's no such luck. You don't seem to be the kind folks choose when they adopt. If you had curly hair, now, and dimples! I mind that young one that Mrs. Carns over in Midvale adopted. It had the nicest dimples! Not that dimples make a young one behave any better. That one was a young limb. Are you through, Tom? Well, run along."

Tom did not try to get a word in while second cousin Debby was talking. He just got ready to do as he was told. And with his hat in his hand he slid out of the back door and pattered off down the dusty road. He knocked at Miss Martha's door, and announced, "I've come to work for you."

"Dear me!" said Miss Martha, a trifle anxiously, "aren't you rather small?"

"Oh, no!" said Tom. "Why, I'm ten years old."

"Indeed!" said Miss Martha, thoughtfully. "You are Mrs. Welton's boy, aren't you?"

"No, ma'am. She's my second cousin, Debby. I'm not anybody's boy. But she felt as if it would be sort of a disgrace to have any one in the family go to the poor-house, so I came to live with her. And I can wear Clarence's clothes when he is through with them. But I'm an awful care and expense anyway. So, if I can earn my own keep, it will be a great load off her mind."

Miss Martha smiled at his queer speech, he was so evidently repeating something he had heard many times. She looked at his garments. It was evident that Clarence was rather hard on his clothes before he got through with them.

"Well," said Miss Martha, "I'll see if you can weed."

She took him out to the garden, all lovely in its spring dress. They came to a bed of daffodils in bloom.

"Do you think you can get all the weeds out of here?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" cried Tom, his voice trembling. He got down on his knees, and first he held his face close to the fragrant blossoms. Then he began pulling out every cruel little weed that would crowd the plants and steal air and moisture and rich earth from them.

"Why," said Miss Martha in a surprised voice, "the child loves flowers. I see I needn't be afraid to leave him alone in the garden." And she went in.

When Tom was through with the daffodil bed, you couldn't have found even the tiniest weed in it. Then he went to the iris bed. Before he was through with that, fat, good-natured Dinah called him in to dinner. It was a good dinner, and Tom ate so much that it caused Dinah to mutter, "I wondah if dey stahves dat chile."

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Tom. He stood in considerable awe of the big colored woman, and wanted to be very polite. "I eat a great deal, Cousin Debby says so. But I seem to be always hungry, and I can't hardly help eating."

"Lan, chile! they's plenty here!" cried Dinah, and heaped his plate again.

He went back to his weeding, and, when Miss Martha came to walk in her garden at the beginning of dusk, she found him still at work. She had forgotten all about him, and she started when the little figure rose up in her path.

"Why, boy," she said, "you're not to work this late! I'll speak to Dinah, and she'll tell you when to stop after this. Dear me, I never meant you to work so long! Are you very tired?"

"No, ma'am," said Tom.

"Did you finish the daffodil bed?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I did the iris bed and the tulip bed and some of the roses."

"You are an industrious child. You may come back to-morrow, if you are not too tired. And here is fifty cents for you."

"Thank you," said Tom, turning the silver piece over in his hand. It looked like a wonderful sum to him. "I guess Cousin Debby will think this pays for my keep," he said proudly.

Miss Martha's smooth brows drew together in a little frown. "Must you give it to her?" she asked. "Well, here is five cents for yourself. Tell her from me that this is to be your very own, and you're to keep it in your own pocket until you spend it."

"I'll save it," said Tom. "I've got three pennies now, and I'm saving enough to buy another book. I've got one about the Pilgrim that went to the Shining City. And the teacher in school last winter said there were lots more books as good as that. I didn't like the reader very well. It was such little stories about boys and dogs. But I like where you fight with Apollyon, and get away from the Giant Despair."

"I'll lend you a book to-morrow," said Miss Martha, "and you shall read it while you are resting at noon. Now trot into the kitchen, and tell Dinah to give you something to eat before you start. It's quite a long walk."

When Tom pattered home in the dusk that evening, he was so happy that he had to sing very loud. The cows looked over the pasture bars in mild surprise, and mother birds peeped sleepily out of their nests hoping he would not wake the children.

(To be continued.)

Loving.

HOW much he loved her he could not say, And yet he troubled her day by day. He rarely thought of her peace and ease, For he said in his heart, "I'll do as I please." At last he learned from his patient mother That loving means—we must please each other.

MARY F. BUTTS,
in *Youth's Companion*.

Bert's Cousin Bess.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"O—O—H!" and Bert drew his toes back from a short investigating tour to the edge of the bedclothes that wintry morning, and again snuggled into his warm nest.

But only for a moment; then came Grandpa Brown's third call at the foot of the stairs, this time sharp and peremptory, and Bert knew there could be no more lagging. Besides, the sun shone brightly through the window, and he understood very well that he ought to have been up an hour before, doing his chores.

But still he pushed the quilts down very reluctantly, and crawled out very slowly; and when his bare feet touched the cold floor they were drawn back with more than one discontented "Oo—oo—h!"

Most boys would have been out of bed with one spring, and almost into their clothes with another, and then bounded downstairs. But Bert was naturally indolent, and, being the only child on the place, he had been humored by his grandmother until he had grown to regard his own comfort as of the chief importance.

"I don't see why they need to get up so early on cold mornings as they do on others," he grumbled, as he searched about for the clothes he had flung upon the floor the night before. "They ought to know folks wouldn't want to freeze. The chickens and pigs could wait a little, and there's no hurry about taking turnips and things to the cow-barn. And, anyway, I think Grandpa might—"

But here he stopped abruptly, ashamed even of the thought that hard-worked, rheumatic Grandpa might do the boy's few chores in addition to all the other work.

"I hate keeping hens," Bert's thoughts resumed, after he had found one stocking and was fumbling among the bedclothes for the other; "they're nothing but a nuisance. And pigs are the same way. I know I shan't keep such creatures when I'm a man. And then there's Cousin Bess, come last night, and they'll expect me to make company of her and keep her from being lonesome, because we're the only folks she's got left now. Poor girl," sneeringly. "She's old as I am, and can look out for herself, I guess. Anyway, I expect she'll have to. It's all botheration, this cold weather. Hello, there's Grandpa calling again."

In frantic haste he worked himself into his jacket, and, catching up his shoes in his hands, rushed downstairs. When he entered the kitchen a few minutes later, he found the three at the breakfast table.

He returned their greetings with some embarrassment, for opposite his side of the table was the cousin who had come the night before, and whom he had only seen for a few moments. She was about his own age, very bright and pretty, and just now her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Oh, Bert!" she exclaimed, as soon as he was seated, "isn't it beautiful out here—the big fields covered with snow, and the funny stone walls, and the barn and poultry, and—everything! I had no idea it was so nice. I've always lived in a city, you know, and thought the country would be poky and dull. But it isn't, a bit. I went out this morning just as soon as I heard

Grandpa, and I've helped him feed the cattle, and watched him milk; and I've fed the hens and turkeys—Grandma said I might, this once," apologetically, as though she might have trespassed upon one of his special pleasures.

"And—and she said that if you were willing I could do it right along," Bess went on brightly. "Would you mind? I'd just love to take care of them for my pets."

Bert glanced covertly at his grandfather. The old gentleman's face was grave, but Bert fancied that his eyes twinkled a little.

"Oh, I don't care," he answered, gruffly.

"And I'm going to help you feed the pigs just as soon as you're ready," went on Bess. "Grandma said I'd better not do it alone. Don't they grunt funny? And Grandma says you generally cut some pumpkins or turnips every day for the cattle, because such things are good for them in the winter. May I help?"

And again Bert's answer was an embarrassed "Oh, I don't care."

But before an hour had gone by he did care, for no one could be long in the company of warm-hearted, loving Bess and not feel something of her generous enthusiasm.

Before the day was over Bert had caught the contagion to such an extent that he voluntarily took the saw and axe and went out to the wood-pile, to give his grandfather a "lift," he said; and that was something he had never done before.

And, what was perhaps even more remarkable, he was up and outdoors doing his chores the next morning, without waiting for a second call from Grandpa; and Bess was with him.

Sunday-school News.

AT Medfield, Mass., a Cradle Roll has just been started, which already contains twenty-two names. The teachers in this school credit the new energy and purpose in their work to the union Sunday-school meeting held in Dedham last February.

North Church, Salem, holds a Teachers' Meeting and Teachers' Training Class every Sunday afternoon at 4.30. Each teacher reports the condition of her class, and school welfare is promoted by discussion and conference. A course of study is also pursued, led by the minister.

The Sunday school at Peabody, Mass., has voted to pay for ten copies of *The Beacon*, to be sent to the school at Swansboro, N.C. This was done both for the good of ten children in that mission school and as a tribute to Miss Forness, a former teacher in the Peabody school and now working in our mission at Swansboro.

A half-page advertisement of the Sunday school of the Unitarian church of Toledo appears in the *Toledo Daily Blade*. The phrase which catches the eye is "Education in Religion," and the plans and purposes of the school and its course of study are attractively set forth. Teams for a membership campaign are organizing: enrolment is now 160, and the aim is to secure 200 by the end of the year. Attendance for October was all above 80 per cent.; in one class above 90 per cent.; one class had perfect attendance through the month.

Dayton, Ohio, reports, "Attendance at 53 mark, and still going strong."

The Year that is Going.

"O YEAR that is going, take with you
Impatience and wilfulness—pride;
The sharp word that slips
From those too hasty lips,
I would cast, with the old year, aside.

"O year that is coming, bring with you
Some virtue of which I have need;
More patience to bear,
And more kindness to share,
And more love that is true love indeed."

LAURA F. ARMITAGE,
in *Young People*.

"Snow" and the Flexible Flyer.

THE Flexible Flyer began it. Though perhaps that isn't quite true, either, because there was no Flexible Flyer—not on Dicksey's porch. James Walton had one, up the street, but then James had a great many things that Dicksey hadn't. An automobile wagon, for instance, and a fine velocipede.

Usually Dicksey didn't care, for there are other things than these to make boys happy. Usually Dicksey's cap sat sideways on his head as merry as a cricket. You know, even caps may look merry when they tip to one side of a curly head with two bright eyes below the curls and a mouth just a bit farther down that can whistle like a blackbird. But the day the Flexible Flyer went whizzing down the street for the first time, the mouth forgot its tune, the eyes didn't dance at all, and the cap sat as straight and sober as old Deacon Field's stovepipe hat.

"Mine's just a home-made wooden one," declared Dicksey, giving his sled a shake that would have made its teeth chatter if it had owned any. "Just a horrid, flat, home-made one that ought to be ashamed of itself."

"I'm not going to stand it," he said crossly. "I've got to have a Flexible Flyer. It's mean for James Walton to have things when I can't. I'm going to tease and tease. Father oughtn't to have made me this, out of boards. I want things like the other fellows, so I won't have to miss all the fun. Do you s'pose I'd coast on this old thing out there by James Walton's new one?"

He asked the question right out loud in the most disgusted tone. He didn't expect any answer—of course not, all alone out in the side-yard. But just as he got to the interrogation point, something said "Wow!" right behind him. It surprised him so he nearly fell into the snow, and before he could turn around it said, "Bow-wow."

A dog, of course. The dearest, fluffy white ball, with big brown eyes peeping out from the cunningest bangs you ever saw. It was shivering with the cold, and Dicksey gathered it up in his arms and took it into the house.

"Somebody's pet, Dicksey," Mother said, putting a cushion behind the stove for the little visitor. "It is not used to being out of doors, evidently."

"May I keep it?" asked Dicksey, anxiously.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you won't have the chance, dear. Its owners will want it as soon as they can find it."

Nobody knows yet how Snow got away from home and clear over to Dicksey's house, because Snow kept the secret to himself. But the very next morning his name was in the paper and a reward offered for his return.

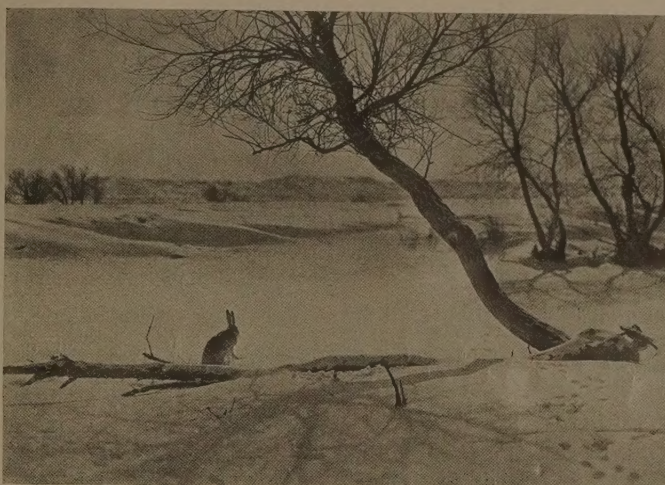


Photo by C. F. Dieckman.

Winter Neighbors.

THE winter sky is cold and blue,
And sharp and chill the winter breeze;
The hills so late of gorgeous hue
Are bearded now with leafless trees.
The summer folks all fled away
To warmer climes in autumn-days,
Yet many little people stay,
Who love the winter's chilly ways.

Snow-clad the earth; but snug and warm
Under the blanket on her breast,
In hollow trees and shocks of corn,
Live little people warmly dressed.
The fields are criss-crossed o'er and o'er
With paths the furry folks have made
From cosey home to hidden store,
While busy with their winter trade.

The blue jay sports an azure vest,
And calls his chums with jocund voice;
The crossbill flirts his crimson crest,
And feasts on cedar berries choice.
The quail, in summer time so shy,
Now marshals forth her speckled brood,
And tamely to the stack-yards hie
In search of shelter and of food.

All through the strenuous winter days
These little folks are full of cheer;
We love to watch their curious ways,
These outdoor neighbors, quaint and queer;
And sometimes, too, when tempests lower,
And food is scarce and hard to find,
We like to share with them our store,
Just to be neighborly and kind.

ELIZABETH CLARKE HARDY.

Our Book Table.

WE have learned to expect something unique from the press of Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco, nor are we disappointed this year. *Behind the Garden Wall* is a volume quaint in illustration, amusing in text, and clever in insight. The doings of the garden inhabitants, from the mosquito and beetle to the turtl and mole and porcupine, are told in eight-line stanzas, in which words and rhythm and idea all contribute to the clever fun. Just read "A Tailless Tale" or "The Croak of the Crocus," and you will be ready to enjoy every one of the twenty-five nonsense rhymes which make up the volume. The pictures in red and green, the large type, and the red-line borders make a most attractive volume, which will surely be enjoyed by many other children than Janet, Dudley, and Dorcas, to whom the book is dedicated.

Behind the Garden Wall. By Robert Wallace. Illustrations by Elsinore Robinson Crowell. Large 8vo. 64 pp. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

*Prate not to me of weaklings who
Lament this life and naught achieve.
I hymn the vast and valiant crew
Of those who have scant time to grieve;
Firm set their fortunes to retrieve,
They sing for luck a lusty slave,
The world's staunch workers, by your leave,—
This is the ballad of the brave!*

From "Ballad of the Brave".

That one word solved Dicksey's problem, for "reward" meant money, and money meant Flexible Flyers and nothing else.

A rather quiet boy opened the door at home an hour later; a boy who had done as much thinking on the way back as he had going over, only it was a different think. Mother looked up with a welcoming smile. "Well, laddie," she said invitingly. Dicksey sat down and fumbled with his cap. "I didn't buy it—my sled, you know," he told her. "The little girl that owns Snow hasn't got anybody at all but just her grandma and the dog."

"Didn't you get the reward, laddie?"

"I couldn't, mother. I wouldn't take it from somebody that don't have things like I do. Nobody but one grandma and a dog. Yes'm, she offered it, but I told her it wasn't worth anything just to bring Snow home. She looked pretty happy, the grandma did—her pocketbook was awful flat."

"What about the Flexible Flyer, dear?"

"I don't need it, Mother. My sled goes fast as lightning down Shriver's hill—red paint don't count for anything. Mother—" the little boy stopped to swallow a lump in his throat. "I'm glad I've got you and Father. I'd rather have you than a new sled. I think the one my Father made me is just—just jim-dandy. If you'll look out that window in about two minutes you'll see me coast a race with James Walton. Bet I'll beat him, too." And, sure enough, he did.

ELIZABETH PRICE,
in *Sunday School Times*.

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.
In packages to schools, 40 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

MAY the year which is just about to dawn be a happy one for all our readers, — a year of vigorous life. The editor hopes it will be a year of true success for all our Sunday schools; that pupils will be more faithful in attendance than ever before, and that superintendents and teachers will do better work.

For our part, we mean that *The Beacon* shall bring you in this next year some of the best things it has ever offered. You shall have more stories from the authors who are your favorites, — Mabel E. Merrill, Florence Phinney, Zelia Margaret Walters, F. S. Sweet, and Arthur W. Peach. There will be good stories from new writers who will be your friends. Special numbers will come in due season, — an Edward Everett Hale number in January, to commemorate our great Unitarian leader, who was known all round the world both as writer and philanthropist. There will be a Boys' number soon, full of adventure; and a Girls' number, adventurous, too, and filled with things of interest to girls. You will want to read every number. Be sure not to miss one!

A happy New Year to you, one and all.

Beacon Scholarships.

JUST one year has passed since the first appeal was made in *The Beacon* for scholarships for India. No effort for interest in that work has been made except through the columns of this paper. Schools and individuals have responded, giving just what they wanted to give. The editor is much pleased with the response which has come to her request, and thanks all who have sent in any sum for these scholarships. The good work will go on through the coming year, and will bring a blessing to those who give, as well as to the boys and girls in India who receive.

The account now stands as follows:—

Previously acknowledged . . .	\$179.19
From Sunday school of First Unitarian Church, Madison, Wis.	10.00
From Clover F. Joseph, East Greenwich, R.I.25
Total	\$189.44

May we have many contributions like the one here acknowledged from a member of the Beacon Club. When the boys and girls and young people give from their own funds, even a small amount, they take a personal interest in the students, and know the blessing which comes, as Jesus said, in even greater measure to those who give than to those who receive.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

NEW YORK CITY.

My dear Miss Buck,—I have been watching the Beacon Club corner for a letter from the Lenox Avenue Sunday School, but I have not seen any, so I shall write one myself.

I am a Camp-fire girl, so will be interested to see the promised article on "Girl's Camp-fire." I also feel a sort of sisterly interest in stories of the Boy Scouts.

There is a club of eleven girls and a lady—their Sunday-school teacher—in our Sunday school. I was the last to join what is called the "Theodore Parker Circle." We are going to have a table all to ourselves at the church fair this winter, for which we are making almost all the things. We have a meeting once a month, which lasts all the afternoon, generally Saturday. The first half of the time we spend on business, and then sew or do other work, and finish up with simple refreshments.

I am going to send my *Beacons* to an aunt who belongs to the Cheerful Letter Committee, and maybe she will send them on to some one else.

I hope this letter is not too long to put in *The Beacon*.

Very sincerely,

FRANCES ALLEN.

HUMBOLT, IA.

My dear Miss Buck,—I thought I would write to you this evening. When I was at Sunday school, our teacher told us about you and said she wanted all of us children to write to you. I like Sunday school very well, and we have some very nice times up there.

In the fall we have a harvest supper, and we have a kind of a fair. We have a table full of things, and that is what we call the fair. We had a lot of fun about a week ago. We went on a picnic. Our teacher hid little masks, and we children had to find them. We had our pictures taken in them. Some of us girls went down to the shore and played house or different games. Once a girl and I went down by the river and played house. I was the sister of the sea and my other friend was the sister of the river. We played with clamshells and other little things like that. Well, I guess I will have to say good-bye now as it is getting quite late. Your little Beacon reader,

MURIEL E. PREBLE.
(Age 7.)

MENDON, MASS.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday school takes *The Beacon* for its members, and I read almost every copy through. I find it very interesting. We have a nice Sunday school, and the church is about the same. I attend the First Parish Sunday school and Church of this town. There are seven or eight in my class, and we have a very nice teacher who makes the lessons very interesting.

I beg to remain your friend,

RUTH N. HOLBROOK.
(Box 45.)

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

My dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* most every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am eleven years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, Providence, R.I. Our superintendent is Miss Lawrence. My teacher is Miss Beale.

Yours truly,
WILTON BROWN.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 19, 20, 21, 30, is to labor.

My 2, 36, 13, 14, 52, 51, 35, 59, came by chance.

My 37, 3, 39, 38, is to repose.

My 43, 29, 12, 8, is a little ball used as an ornament.

My 14, 40, 48, 57, 15, is a flower.

My 58, 25, 22, 45, 32, 33, is a body of land surrounded by water.

My 26, 47, 23, 54, is not narrow.

My 31, 28, 22, 18, is not doing anything.

My 1, 5, 4, 12, 55, 8, is a preposition.

My 49, 6, 50, 53, 42, is a group of trees.

My 56, 60, 10, 46, 44, 41, 8, 36, 56, is gone forever.

My 16, 11, 9, 57, 16, 7, 18, is a prickly plant.

My 17, 24, 49, 34, is not low.

My 27, 32, 25, 27, 8, 18, is the part within.

My whole is a quotation from Lowell.

ENIGMA XXVII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 16, 14, 10, 6, is a girl's name.

My 8, 9, 12, is part of the body.

My 13, 5, 14, 15, 3, is not fresh.

My 7, 2, 9, 4, is one of two.

My 1, 3, 11, is a boy's nickname.

My whole is something we learn in Sunday-school.

BEATRICE CRANE.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 5, 19, 11, 4, is a flower.

My 1, 16, 20, 13, is to hire.

My 15, 4, 18, 6, is worn by men.

My 3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 17, is a large city of Germany.

My 12, 6, 4, 15, 14, is a boy's nickname.

My 8, 17, 14, is a number.

My 11, 2, 9, 5, is opposite of sweet.

My whole is a poet who wrote many poems for children.

EDITH CHILDS.

A DIAMOND.

1. Found in March.
2. To hasten.
3. Sweet sounds.
4. To bind.
5. Found in chord.

SARAH E. L. BROMLEY.

A COMPANY OF BOYS.

1. A musical instrument.
2. A piece of furniture.
3. A servant.
4. A vessel.
5. A romp.
6. A horseman.
7. A learner.

Youth's Companion.

REARRANGED WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Rearrange a nobleman, and make genuine. Answer: earl, real.

In the same way, rearrange: 1. A heavenly body, and make small animals. 2. To mount on wings, and make rowing implements. 3. A gown, and make to weary. 4. Anything very small, and make an article. 5. Part of a stanza, and make a large river-of Africa. 6. A South American ostrich, and make to heed. 7. To dirty, and make unctuous substances. 8. Blood, and make a wicked giant. 9. To despatch, and make caves.

The initials of the rearranged words will, in the given order, spell the name of a famous character in one of Scott's novels.

DOROTHY BROCKWAY,
in *St. Nicholas*.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XXIII.—When love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Kentucky.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lincoln.

A RIDDLE.—The Dictionary.